THE Mens Anſwer TO THE Womens Petition AGAINST COFFEE,

VINDICATING

Their own Performances, and the Vertues of that Liquor, from the Undeſerved Aſperſions lately caſt upon them by their

SCANDALOUS PAMPHLET.

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THE *MENS ANSWER* TO THE *WOMENS PETITION, &c.*

COuld it be Imagined, that ungrateful Women, after so much laborious Drudgery, both by Day and Night, and the best of our Blood and Spirits spent in your Service, you should thus publickly Complain? Certain we are, that there never was Age or Nation more Indulgent to your Sex; have we not condiscended to all the Methods of Debauchery? Invented more Postures than *Aretine* ever Dreamed of! Been Pimps to our own Wives, and Courted Gallants even with the hazard of our Estates, to do us the Civility of making us not only Contented, but most obliged Cuckolds: Is he thought worthy to be esteemed a Gentleman, that has not seaven times pass'd the Torrid Zone of a Venerial Distemper, or does not maintain, at least, a Brace of Mistress's; Talk not to us of those Doating Fumblers of seven or eight hundred years Old, a Larke is better than a Kite; and Cock-Sparrows, though not long liv'd, are undoubtedly preferrable for the work of

Generation before dull Ravens, though some think they live three hundred years; That our Island is a Paradise for Women, is verified still by the brisk Activity of our Men, who with an equal Contempt scorn *Italian* Padlocks, and defie *French* Dildo's, knowing that a small Doze of Natures Quintessence, satisfies better in a Female Limbeck, than the largest Potion infused by Art.

Let silly Cits--- complain never so much that Madam Money is Dead and Buried, we dare Appeal to all the Commissioners of *Whetstones Park*, the Suburb Runners, and *Moorfields* Night-walkers, if ever they had better Trading; Nay, have we not forced languishing Nature by preparations of Cantharides, spiced Meats, Anchoves, Cullises, Jelly-broths, Lambstones, Diasatyrion, Bononia Sawsages, *&c.* All to answer the height of your Amorous Passions, and prevent the pitiful Letchery of an Artificial Tranguin. Have we not with excess of patience borne your Affronts, been Sweated, Purged, Fluxed between two Feather-beds, Flog'd, Jib'd, and endured all the rest of the Devils Martyrdoms, and will you still offer to Repine? Certainly experienc'd *Solomon* was in the right, when he told us that the Grave and the Womb were equally Insatiable.

But why must innocent COFFEE be the object of your Spleen? That harmless and healing Liquor, which Indulgent Providence first sent amongst us, at a time when Brimmers of Rebellion, and Fanetick Zeal had intoxicated the Nation, and we wanted a Drink at once to make us Sober and Merry: 'Tis not this incomparable settle Brain that shortens Natures Standard, or

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makes us leſs Active in the Sports of *Venus*, and we wonder you ſhould take theſe Exceptions, ſince ſo many of the little Houſes, with the Turkiſh VVoman ſtradling on their Signs, are but Emblems of what is to be done within for your Conveniencies, meer Nurſeries to promote the petulant Trade, and breed up a ſtock of hopeful Plants for the future ſervice of the Republique, in the moſt thriving Myſteries of Debauchery; There being ſcarce a Coffee-Hut but affords a Tawdry VVoman, a wonton Daughter, or a Buxome Maide, to accommodate Cuſtomers; and can you think that any which frequent ſuch Diſcipline, can be wanting in their Paſtures, or defective in their Arms? The News we Chat of there, you will not think it Impertinent, when you conſider the fair opportunities you have thereby, of entertaining an obliging friend in our Abſence, and how many of us you have dubb'd Knights of the Bull-Feather, whilſt we have ſate innocently ſipping the Devils Holy-water; we do not call it ſo for driving the Cace-dæmon of Letchery out of us, for the truth is, it rather aſſiſts us for your Nocturnal Benevolencies, by drying up thoſe Crude Flatulent Humours, which otherwiſe would make us only Flaſh in the Pan, without doing that Thundering Execution which your Expectations Exact, we dare Appeal to Experience in the Caſe. Coffee is the general Drink throughout Turky, and thoſe *Eaſtern* Regions, and yet no part of the world can boaſt more able or eager performers, then thoſe Circumciſed Gentlemen, who, (like our modern Gallants) own no other joys of Heaven, than what conſiſts in Veneral Titillations; the Phyſical qualities of this Liquor

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are almoſt Innumerable and its vertues (if you will beleive *Pointing*, able to out-noiſe the Quack-bil of an all-healing Doctor, when your kindneſs at the Cloſe Hugg has beſtowed on us a virulent Gonorrhæa, this is our Catholicon, *Ens Naturæ* and *Aqua Tetrachymagogon* is an Aſs to it, 'Tis baſe adulterate wine and ſurcharges of Muddy Ale that enfeeble nature, makes a man as ſalatious as a Goat, and yet as impotent as Age, whereas Coffee Collects and ſettles the Spirits, makes the erection more Vigorous, the Ejaculation more full, adds a ſpiritualeſcency to the Sperme, and renders it more firm and ſuitable to the Guſto of the womb, and proportionate to the ardours and expectation too, of the female Paramour.

As for our taking Tobacco you have no reaſon to object, ſince moſt of your own Sex are ſo well skilled in managing a pipe; and if you find that of your Husbands to be naught, 'tis his natural infirmity, or your own perpetual Pumping him (not drinking Coffee) is the occaſion of the defect, and therefore let ſuch *Tom Farthings* be forbidden the decoction of the rare *Arabian* Berry, and condemned everlaſtingly with the reſt of doelittles Congregation, to the carrying of Glister-pipes for the uſe of the well effected Siſterhood.

You may well permit us to talk abroad, for at home we have ſcarce time to utter a word for the inſufferable Din of your ever active Tongues, the Fooliſh extravagancies of our lives, are infinitly out-done by the wild Frolliques of yours; 'Till Noon you lie a Bed hatching Concupiſcence, then having paid your Adorations, to the Ugly Idol in the Glaſs, you deſcend to Dinner, where

where you gormondize enough at one Meal to Famish a Town Besiedg'd; after that, you are call'd out by a Cozen, and hurried out in his Honours Coach (whose jogging, serves as a Preparative to your Letchery) away to the Play-house, where a Lascivious Dance, a Bawdy Song, and the Petulant Gallants Tickling of your hand, having made an Insurrection in your Blood, you go to Allay it with an Evenings Exercise at the Tavern, there you spend freely, yet being Rob'd of nothing we can miss, home you come in a Railing humour, and at last give us nothing for Supper but a Butter'd Bun.

Cease then for the Future your Clamours against our civil Follies. Alas! alas! Dear Hearts, the Coffee house is the Citizens Academy, where he learns more Wit than ever his Grannum taught him, the Young-Gallants Stage where he displays the Wardrobe of his excellent no Parts; 'Tis the Non Cons Bull-baiting, the News-mongers Exchange, the Fools business, the Knaves Ambuscade, and the Wise mans Recreation: Here it is where we have the sparkling Cyder, the mighty Mum, and the back recruiting Chocolate; 'Tis Coffee that both keeps us Sober, or can make us so; And let all our Wives that hereafter shall presume to Petition against it, be confined to lie alone all Night, and in the Day time drink nothing but Bonny Clabber.

FINIS.